

Bruised

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Bruised

by [TigerPrawn](#)

Summary

What sort of man was Will before the encephalitis? Hannibal's about to find out.

Notes

I don't think I've ever used the dark Will tag before, because I always see him as having an inherent darkness that makes the tag redundant. But in the case of this story it felt right to use it because this is an arguably darker version than the show. Or darker sooner than he was in the show :D



No one can be fully aware of another human being unless we love them. By that love we see potential in our beloved. Through that love we allow our beloved to see their potential. Expressing that love, our beloved's potential comes true.

The words he had heard in a dream drifted through Will's mind as Hannibal took hold of his hands, bloody and torn as they were from his assault on Randall Tier.

Flashes came back to Will. He'd run back to the house, and there had been fear for a moment as he took in what was happening. But then he calmed, and he waited. When Tier had smashed through the window he had been ready. Ready to reach his full potential. To allow himself to revel in the darkness he had known for years.

It felt good to kill Tier. And it felt even better to imagine Hannibal under him. To throw the gun aside and use his bare hands.

Was he killing Hannibal? Or was he simply trying to take control of that hold Hannibal had been establishing over him? He didn't want to kill Hannibal, the only person since his mother had died that seemed to understand Will and the impulses he wished to embrace. But he wasn't sick any more and he could see how he had been manipulated. From here on in he had to ensure they were equals.

Did Hannibal realise that Will was already the monster he had hoped he would be? Will was sure he did, as he sat there seemingly composed, Will could feel the slight tremble in the doctor's hands as he tended to Will's wounds.

"Don't go inside, Will. You'll want to retreat, you'll want it as the glint of the rails tempts us when we hear the approaching train. Stay with me."

Will felt bruised. Not his hands or his body, but his mind and soul. The encephalitis had robbed him of aspects of his very nature and he wished to claim them back.

Feelings that he had dealt with years before clawed at him. Surely he should feel remorse? Or at the least mourn the loss of the good man he had tried to be if he was to give over to the monster inside himself. Acknowledge it as Hannibal had bid him that night in his dreams.

But he had done so. Years ago and the sickness had made him doubt who he already was. That he always had been that monster that Hannibal tried to coax out to play.

Truth was, he had felt lighter. He had felt whole. Accepted by himself for the first time in his life. And now, bruised as he might be inside and out, he felt that way once more.

"Where else would I go?"

Another shiver through Hannibal then at Will's words, as he wound the bandage around Will's hand.

It felt good to have this power over someone. Over such a monster, too. He could see how tempting and irresistible it had been to Hannibal. He already knew that his words and actions could hold Hannibal hostage if he wanted them to.

“You have everywhere to go. You should be quite pleased. I am.” Hannibal responds calmly, though Will is sure he must know that Will can feel the tremor in his hands, as though he is the bruised and battered one.

Perhaps Will had injured him during that fight. When he had struck Hannibal, killed him with his hands, the result had echoed into the real world.

“Of course you are.” Will replied coolly.

“When you killed Randall, did you fantasize you were killing me?”

Hannibal’s question didn’t catch Will off guard as Hannibal has perhaps expected. Part of Will had expected it. Partly because he understood Hannibal’s brand of narcissism, but mostly because he knew Hannibal knew him well enough to believe that he had. And he was right.

Will turned, looking at Hannibal, his expression answering the question for him and he can see the flicker of emotion over Hannibal’s face. Pride and arousal.

“Most of what we do, most of what we believe, is motivated by death.” Hannibal murmured, still seeing Will as that sick man with only the potential to be what he truly was.

“I’ve never felt as alive as I did when I was killing him.” The confession fell from Will’s lips easily. He wanted Hannibal to know him, to understand who he really was when his mind wasn’t being torn apart. And as he did so the ache eased a little, that inner bruising felt less painful.

“Then you owe Randall Tier a debt.” Hannibal said with a faint smile. “How will you repay him?”

They both looked down the length of the table they sat at, Tier still laid out there as he had been since Will had hefted his body into this room and onto the table. Had it been even-stevens? Or had it been an offering? Like a cat bringing his master a bird? Was that how Hannibal might see it?

No, it had been a point of pride. One predator revealing himself to another. Now that Will could finally let himself be that predator. Perhaps Hannibal sensed as much, because he repeated -

“Stay with me,” and it’s clear he doesn’t just mean for Will to not retreat into himself.

Hannibal was gentle as he finished binding Will’s knuckles, he didn’t look up and was patient, waiting for Will’s answer. But Will needed more. He knows that this thing he feels between them is more than his knack for monsters.

And he knows that Hannibal feels it too.

“Why would I go?” Will looked up, Noticing that Hannibal stills at his words. Their hands together for a moment before he resumes his care.

Hannibal took a breath and released it slowly as he placed micropore tape on the bandage ends, securing it before releasing Will’s hands.

“You’re hurt, Will. Would you let me tend to you?”

“You want to strip me down and see where else I’m bruised?” Will couldn’t keep the tease from his tone.

“I can’t deny that I have imagined such scenarios.” Hannibal admitted, though there had been a slight hesitation at first. As though he had been trying to decide how honest to be with Will. And at this point, Will hoped Hannibal knew, there was no choice but brutal honesty.

“You told me once that Crawford described me as having ‘knack for the monsters,’” Will mused. “What did you think of that assessment?”

“I think he was correct, though perhaps not in the way he meant.” Hannibal replied, coolly.

“Perhaps not,” Will agreed. He raised his hands and inspected the bandages.

Will stood and walked to the end of the table, looking down at Tier. Focused on the vacant expression on the man’s bloody face.

“Did you ever consider how much of the man I was when you met me was as a result of the encephalitis?” Will pushed, looking across at Hannibal who stood as well then and walked to him.

“I admit to having been curious. It was unclear to me at first how much the sickness altered you. But...” Hannibal paused, stepping closer and placing a hand on Will’s arm, “I think I saw the real you the moment I opened the door and saw you standing there, asking to resume your therapy.”

Will let out a chuckle. Hannibal was right.

“Everything was so clear to me that night.” Will agreed. “I knew what I had to do.”

Hannibal cocked his brow and Will enjoyed his curious expression.

Will looked down at Tier again and smiled, “I had to show you who I really am.”

“Bruises and all,” Hannibal muttered.

Will looked up at him and grinned.

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The breath left Will as a sigh as his back hit the bed and he bounced ever so slightly. Or at least for as long as it took for Hannibal to climb over him and pin him down.

“Let me take care of you,” Hannibal’s words were almost a plea.

“Hmm,” Will murmured, smiling as Hannibal moved back, straddling Will as he began to unbutton Will’s shirt.

Will moved enough to allow himself to be stripped, wincing ever so slightly at the action. He was hurt, he was bruised. The fight with Tier hadn’t been as one sided as his mind wanted to paint it.

He had felt every aching bruise and strained muscle as he had dragged Tier from his house to Hannibal’s.

Will was pulled from his thoughts as Hannibal leaned down and gently pressed his lips to the large bruise that ran from Will’s shoulder across his chest.

His breath hitched.

“Hannibal,” Will’s word was taken as the encouragement it was meant to be and the press became a soft suck, causing Will more pain for just a moment.

“I’m not like you,” Will murmured, running a hand through Hannibal’s hair as he continued to softly kiss and nuzzle at Will’s bruised torso. “I’m not refined and passionless when I kill. I’m not like the Chesapeake Ripper.”

He felt Hannibal’s mouth curve into a smile against his skin.

“On the contrary,” Hannibal protested, kisses between words, “I am full of passion.”

“Yeah, but you’re restrained,” Will countered. “When the pendulum swings I see exactly who you are, how you kill. Neat and tidy. The room could be awash in blood but you wouldn’t have a hair out of place.”

Hannibal chuckled lightly, and Will knew his assertions were correct.

“I’m not like that. I’m messy. Brutal. I told you before, I’d kill y-”

Hannibal interrupted, sitting back and pulling Will’s bandaged hands to his lips, “With your hands. Intimate.”

“Yes,” Will breathed out the word, his cock filling as he studied Hannibal and didn’t pull his hands away. “I don’t want someone to tame me. I-”

“You want someone to care for you. To dress your wounds when you return.”

Will nodded.

“Gladly,” Hannibal said with a firm tone. “I would gladly do this, Will.”

Will smiled and pulled one hand from Hannibal’s, sliding it up behind Hannibal’s neck and tugging him back down. Their mouths met in a hungry kiss.

At this angle it was impossible to ignore now how hard Hannibal was against him, and Will wondered how long he'd been that way. Since they got to the bedroom? Or from the moment he saw Tier's body on the table?

The kiss was all teeth and tongues, biting, licking, with a near animalistic ferocity, as though in honour of the corpse downstairs.

With the kissing came a gentle rutting, a natural motion started by Hannibal as he pressed their clothed crotches together until they were both groaning into the kiss.

This went on for long minutes before Will pushed Hannibal back, breaking the kiss with a gasp, before he set to freeing them from their trousers with rough hands. Will made quick work of it. He spat into his palm and wrapped his hand around both of them before slipping his free one back up to Hannibal's neck and pulling him into another kiss as he stroked them together between the press of their bodies.

There were no words then, just grunting and groaning, writhing against each other until Hannibal was practically bucking into Will's fist. The friction of their cocks together, Hannibal's foreskin an interesting sensation against his own cut cock, was bliss. A necessary and beautiful release.

And the release came quickly.

Will was nipping at Hannibal's bottom lip, sinking his teeth not quite enough to wound, as Hannibal cried out and his hips stuttered. Will felt Hannibal's cock pulsing in his hand as the wet release of his seed spilled onto Will's belly. Will tightened his grip, almost cruelly, stroking himself towards completion even as Hannibal winced in discomfort. Yet he didn't protest, he just looked at Will with fire and praise in his eyes as Will continued to pump them together until his own release joined Hannibal's.

Panting, they gazed at each other for a long moment before Hannibal moved off, falling onto his back next to Will as they studied the ceiling.

Once they had caught their breath Will said, "I have more bruises. More wounds that need tending."

Hannibal looked over at him and they smirked at one another, beginning to discard their clothing as they reached for each other again.

*

Will continued to dress even as he noticed Hannibal stirring. The room was lit only by a small lamp next to the bed. The curtains were still open as they hadn't thought to close them, and it was pitch outside. The world outside this room was deep in slumber.

Will watched as Hannibal rolled onto his back and began to stretch out before suddenly stilling and looking to his side, clearly expecting to find Will there as sleep lifted and his memories of the night before surfaced.

It was when he glanced around the room that he saw Will standing there, pulling on his boots. Will gave him a smile.

“I have to go, I need to see to the dogs.” Will explained. “And to Tier as well.” He had plans for that man. Part of the trap that Jack thought they were setting, a fake love letter that was far from fake.

Hannibal seemed hesitant for a moment, as though he was going to protest or ask Will to stay, but instead he sat and swung his legs off the bed.

“I shall make coffee.” Hannibal said, rising. Graceful and athletic in his nudity, Will admired Hannibal’s form as he went to his robe and pulled it on.

“I don’t have time,” Will finally interjected.

“I have plenty of travel mugs.”

There was a calm between them, a palpable peace after the ferocity of hours before.

“Thank you,” Will replied, following Hannibal out of the room.

There could be no doubting now that they were equals. What Hannibal had wanted to bring forth in Will, that potential he saw, had already been there. Tramped down whilst Will was sick, he was himself again now. Not a prospective protégé, but Hannibal’s equal.

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